

In Towns Where Merchants Fail to Advertise, the Mail Order House Gets Busy

The advertising manager of one of the biggest mail order concerns in the country recently made this statement:

"We have a bureau whose duty it is to read each week the country newspapers from all over the country. There is not a paper of any consequence in our trade territory that our bureau does not get. This bureau looks over these papers and when we find a town where the merchants are not advertising in the local paper, we immediately flood that territory with our literature. It always brings results far in excess of the same effort put forth in territory where the local merchants use their local papers."

MORAL: Help show the mail order houses that the local merchants are live ones. In other words,—

Advertise!

DAMAGE BY STORM.

Buildings Destroyed and Crops Leveled in Franklin County.

ST. ALBANS, August 1.—The worst electrical storm of the season swept over this region at 3 o'clock. Great damage was done by lightning, rain and wind.

The barn of William J. Bascom at St. Albans Point was struck by lightning and destroyed, together with all the contents, including farming tools some hay and an automobile belonging to A. J. Adams of Rutland, who was occupying one of Mr. Bascom's cottages. Mr. Bascom estimated his loss at \$600, partially covered by insurance.

The electric light and power lines in this city were out of commission for some time. There was no electric power till 9 o'clock; the street car service was halted for some hours and many telephone lines, both local and toll, were knocked out. The fire alarm system was also disabled. Trees were blown down and much loss to fruit and crops was sustained.

In Fairfax a large barn owned by Mrs. Mary Walker of St. Albans and located on a farm conducted by Eli Cornin was struck by lightning and burned, the loss being \$2,500. Four calves were burned, and much machinery and hay was lost.

In Fairfield crops were leveled, corn, oats and grain being laid flat, and trees were blown down. In Swanton light and power lines were put out of commission and telephone service was crippled.

WESTMINSTER.

Mrs. Mark Arnold of St. Louis, Mo., is a guest at Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arnold's.

Miss Ruth Farnum of Newfane was a week-end guest at Mr. and Mrs. John Richmond's.

Mrs. Martha Fisher of Springfield is a guest in the home of her brother, Alvin Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Orren Smith of Walpole were week-end guests at Mr. and Mrs. William Smith's.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Harrington are in New York city, called there by the death of Mr. Harrington's mother.

Mrs. Emory Axtell, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Axtell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams and son were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bonis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pierce of Winchendon, Mass., and Miss Mary Pierce, of South Londonderry were guests of Mrs. L. A. Pierce the first of the week.

Howard Penn slipped Sunday morning while delivering milk in Bellows Falls, breaking a milk bottle and cutting his left arm so badly that several stitches had to be taken.

Mr. and Mrs. Nowell Holman and daughter, Grace, of Spokane, Washington, and Mrs. Joseph Vinals and daughter, Mrs. Adams, of Westboro, Mass., have been spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Underwood.

JAMAICA.

Florence Underwood is quarantined with mumps.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Allen of Wardsboro were in town Sunday.

L. R. Barnes and family of Vernon came Sunday to spend Old Home week.

Mrs. Emily Eddy of Worcester, Mass., visited her aunt, Mrs. C. R. Amislen, last week.

C. C. Robinson and family and Julian Taft and family of Townshend visited at Mrs. Edna Sage's Sunday.

P. H. Kidder, Mr. and Mrs. Kidder and Miss Edith Kidder of Wardsboro and Miss Edith Clarke motored to South Londonderry and Peru Sunday.

WEST CHESTERFIELD, N. H.

Charlotte Houghton, who was in Brattleboro several weeks, is at the home of her father, Harry Houghton.

The oldtime mail carrier, Robert Trendall, has been enjoying the mail in the absence of Charles Chamberlain, who spent last week at Sunset lake.

Rev. F. H. Cole of Hinsdale, who preaches in this parish once in two weeks, camped several days last week in this place with two boys at Ferndale landing.

Haying on the Herson Smith place is being rushed, although late in the season. It is being cut with three teams. The pasture land has not been used as a pasture and the hay is better than on meadow land last year, and there are no grasshoppers. The farmers' barns will be well filled this year with hay if not with corn. Some have ploughed up their corn and put it in oats. Those who put in oats early in the season with grass seed have an exceptionally good catch of clover and a very heavy oat crop.

Was Full of Holes.

"Harold," said the father of a precocious five-year-old at the supper table, "don't you think that is a pretty big piece of cake for a boy of your size?"

"Well, I suppose it looks big, papa," replied the little fellow, "but it's sponge cake and nearly all holes."

The earth's population reaches a grand total of 1,700,000,000 persons.

PARISIAN SAGE

Puts Hair on Your Head and Helps to Keep It There.

What's the use of being bald? What sense is there in deliberately allowing your hair to turn gray?

Do you want to look old before your time? Give up the thought; old age will come all too soon.

Look after your hair. Parisian Sage is a scientific preparation that supplies hair needs—is just what you want. It aims to prevent grayness and baldness by putting life and nourishment into the hair roots.

Man or woman, no matter how old you are, Parisian Sage will help you to look younger and more attractive.

Why not go to Wilfred F. Root and get a large bottle today, it will not cost more than 50 cents, and your money back if it does not cure dandruff, stop falling hair, or itching of the scalp. It will make your hair luxuriant, bright and beautiful. It is a most refreshing, pleasant and invigorating hair dressing and absolutely harmless to the hair and scalp.

DECORATOR

By JANE OSBORN.

When Morgan Tracy of the firm of Tindenhams & Co. came in from lunch on that memorable spring afternoon, he first saw the ladder propped against the end of his desk. Then he saw the familiar figure of his office boy looking upward with wide-open mouth and, as his line of vision went upward, he saw the girl.

She was slender and graceful and he admitted to himself from the first that she looked very charming on the top rung of the ladder. Still he resented the intrusion and was only slightly mollified after her explanation.

"You are Mr. Tracy, aren't you," she said in the most self-confident of sweet young voices. "I am Miss Grey. I am here to do your office over. Mr. Tindenhams arranged it."

Mr. Tracy would have explained, as he at first intended to do, that he considered her presence an intrusion, had it not been that as she had turned to make her explanation she had leveled upon him eyes as blue as sapphire.

Then he sat down at his desk, rang for his stenographer—there were no women stenographers at Tindenhams—and tried to concentrate his attention on answering the day's mail.

In an hour her task was done and she left with the explanation to Mr. Tracy that she would resume her work before his arrival the next morning.

"And Mr. Tracy," she said by way of parting, "as you usually lock your desk at night, I must ask you to leave the key with the cashier on your way out tonight, so that when I come in the morning I can have everything moved from this desk to the new one."

Morgan Tracy meant to object strongly. But again he caught the sapphire blue of her eyes and merely looked annoyed. He bade her good evening and went home. He felt that he had been rude to her, and instead of feeling resentment at her intrusion he felt as if he owed her an apology.

So it was that when, just as Miss Grey had returned from a hasty dinner in a nearby restaurant and was busy directing the paperhangers, Mr. Tracy appeared on the scene. But it was Mr. Tracy without his usual dictatorial manner.

"I didn't like the idea of having you here alone in this deserted office," he said. "So I have come to wait here till you are through and, if you will permit it and have no other escort, to take you to your home."

Miss Grey did not attempt to conceal her obvious satisfaction at this courtesy. "You are very good," she said, and then, holding up some of the treasures from the case she was unpacking: "See, Mr. Tracy, isn't this a better wall calendar than that dreadful colored lithograph. And these new brown blotters will be a relief to you after those frightful pink ones. I know you can't get them at downtown dealers, but it is worth the difference to have to order them specially. And then I ordered some bronze desk fittings that will be so much better than those frightful pressed glass and cheap brass things."

That night when he escorted her home she insisted on being left at the corner. She had not permitted him to take her home in a taxi, and now she was not even going to let him know where she lived. The next morning Mr. Tracy found her at seven in his office. The change was marvelous. From a dull, uninteresting room, devoid of character, it had been transformed to a room of distinction—not in the least less businesslike and merely because it had been molded under the trained eye and skillful hand of a woman.

"I never knew in what a wilderness I had lived before," he admitted. "I really do not think I have such atrocious taste. I always knew that my office was uncouth. I disliked that fire insurance calendar as much as you did. But I didn't know how to change it. It's the same way with my apartment. I have spent enough money on it and still it doesn't satisfy me. Perhaps you would undertake to transform that, too—unless you confine your skill to offices."

Miss Grey laughed in a way that was tantalizing and simply said: "Perhaps." Then she got into her coat and adjusted her hat at the mirror that hung in a screened corner of the newly arranged office.

"Just at present," she said, "let's go and see Mr. Tindenhams. He was expected in this morning. I believe."

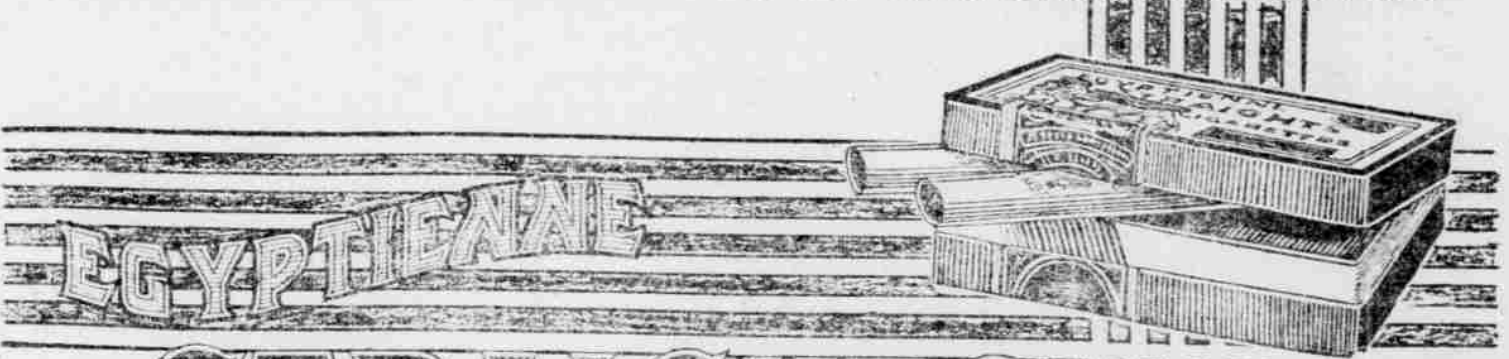
Together they entered the office of Tracy's chief and Tracy believed himself dreaming at first when the delightful Miss Grey greeted that stern business magnate with a bear hug and a kiss. "Hello, dad," she said. "I've won the bet. Now come and see how I have done it. I pretended I was an interior decorator you had ordered to redecorate Mr. Tracy's office."

"You see, Mr. Tracy," she continued—her right hand was in that of her father and now she laid her other hand on Mr. Tracy's arm in a friendly fashion as if to complete the circle—"you see, Mr. Tracy, father and I are great chums. You've no idea how much I know about his business, and he has told me lots of things about you. He said that the only fault you had was that you were—yes, I'll tell you just the word he used. He said you were getting fussy. He said you had used the same inkwell and the same desk for ten years, and I warned him I could make a change. And I have."

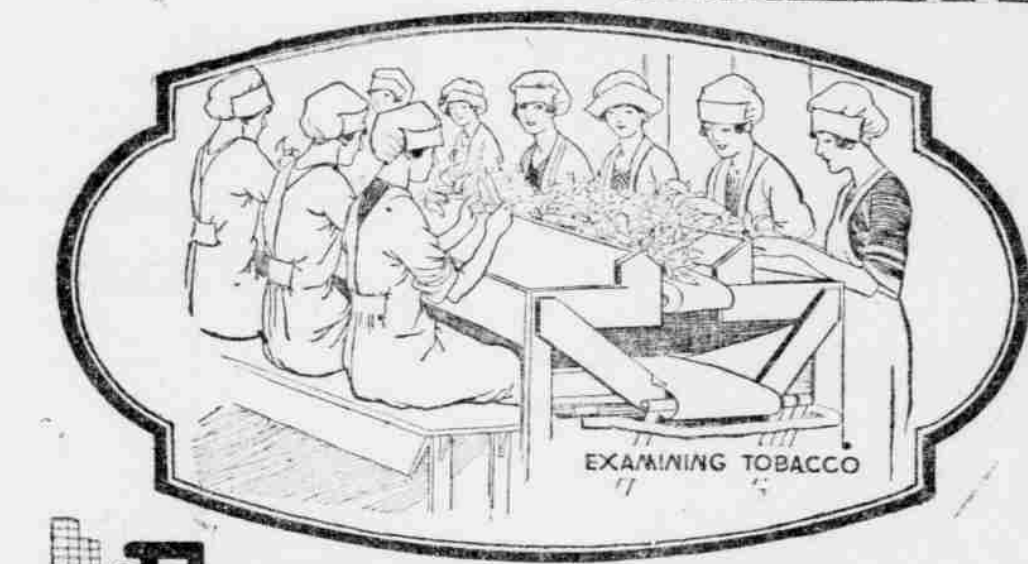
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ADVERTISE YOUR WANTS IN THE DAILY REFORMER

• ABSOLUTELY • PURE • 100% • TURKISH • TOBACCO •



STRAIGHTS CIGARETTES
Cork Tips Plain Ends



Every puff of **STRAIGHTS** turns into smoke another small quantity of tobacco — tobacco which has received the utmost care and attention.

Ripened in far-off Asia Minor by the warm Sahara winds, it is specially selected and imported to be made into **STRAIGHTS**, by capped and gowned girl workers in a spotless factory.

That box you're going to buy, you can smoke with every confidence in their goodness and purity.



If when you are near in New York City you should care to see for yourself the perfect cleanliness that prevails throughout the entire factory, drop a postal to the **STRAIGHTS** factory, 337-347 West 27th Street, and a card of invitation will be sent you promptly.

EGYPTIENNE STRAIGHTS CIGARETTES
ARE MADE AND GUARANTEED BY THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Strange Sport of Western Roundups.

In perhaps the most daring sport of all—steer bulldogging—is revealed a feat you must see to believe—a man jumps from the back of his running horse as he overtakes a Texas longhorn. If his judgment is good, he seizes the steers' horns and swings the steer to a standstill. Then he begins a struggle worthy of a gladiator, as the men, using the horns as levers, lands and strains every muscle to throw the great beast by twisting its neck. If he succeeds in this, the climax of the game requires him to hold the steer's upper lip in his teeth, at the same time raising his hands for the count of four seconds; hence the term "steer bulldogging." This sport is absolutely harmless in every respect to the four-legged animal, but his two-legged competitor must use consummate skill, strength, and nerve to protect himself and conquer his antagonist.—Charles W. Furlong in Harper's Magazine for August.



DeWitt Grocery Company

SAFETY

Factories, railroads, every place and everybody is advocating Safety nowadays. Why? Because it is a vital consideration. With it accidents are prevented, sickness diverted, and losses saved.

We have advocated SAFETY all along. We still believe in it strongly; in fact, it is SAFETY, accompanied with a high rate of interest, that stands out in all our securities. No customer has lost a cent during our thirty years' of business, and we are anxious to continue this record and negotiate our loans accordingly.

We believe in it too—"SAFETY FIRST!"

VERMONT LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY

Capital \$250,000.00

EASTERN OFFICE CROSBY BLOCK BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT
NO LOSSES TO INVESTORS!

EVERY FAMILY IN THIS ADVANCED AGE OF SANITATION SHOULD HAVE

Paper Drinking Cups

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS. One especially nice package for home use is five cups in a sealed package—retails for 5c. See them in our window.

WILFRED F. ROOT

Pharmacist

Truss Fitter

Advertise in the Reformer